

## nobody does it like you do by goldenwonder

**Series:** [it comes and goes in waves \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

No one notices when she wears his shirts.

No one notices when he wears her earring.

No one notices the fact that, somehow, Billy Hargrove has been put into his place.

Willingly, of course.

But not without consequences.

## nobody does it like you do

### Author's Note:

I am in no way condoning this character's behavior.

While I do like Billy, I wanted to explore the rest of him, post season 2. I just wrote this and I didn't stop until I couldn't write anymore. I really want people to know that this guy is abusive, no joke. He's got issues, and should in no way be romanticized. I also don't condone my OFC's behavior as well. They're both super fucked up, and should not be looked at as "couple goals" or anything like that.

So, without further ado,

here we go.

UPDATE: I've finally gone through and edited things, yay!! Some things have changed, I fixed some lines, but nothing has been completely altered. I did update some continuity that had been bothering me, lol So, this is FINALLY the finished, complete product! I hope you enjoy, and proceed with caution! Again, this is not a very ideal relationship. Can be triggering for some. Other than that, enjoy!

~

The first time he sees her, *really* sees her, he drops a wad of paper on her desk in Social. It's meant for some punk junior who interrupted him and his friends yesterday. He reaches, and takes it off her desk. Another throw lands it on the boy's head. She doesn't look up.

A few moments later, the teacher announces a pop quiz. Knowing he wasted his last paper on the junior, he turns to the girl with a full binder of paper.

“Can I have a piece?” He whispers while mustering up that smirk of his. He adds a charming head-tilt for good measure.

“No.” She says, not looking up, while setting up her own paper. The sound of her ripping the piece from her notebook is loud, and he flinches.

“What?” He questions incredulously. No one has ever denied him. Well, not anyone outside of his family.

That’s when she turns. Only her head, and her eyes are the color of the sun. It’s a bright amber that is full of defiance and daring him to say more. It reminds him of Max. She looks at him submissively, taunting him.

“I said, no.”

His hand balls into a fist, but the teacher passes, and looks down at him over his glasses.

“Unprepared for class again, Mr. Hargrove?” He shakes his head and continues walking, droning on about the history of the Chinese or something or other. When he looks back, she is no longer looking at

him. Watching her curve the pencil to write her name wants to make him take it and snap it in two before her eyes.

~

Sitting outside of his car, leaning against it, he waits like a damn dog outside of the Arcade. He smokes profusely, his lungs thick with smoke and his finger tapping at his side.

He hates that his sister has him under her damn fingernail, but he swallows thickly at the hazy memory of that baseball bat being too close to his goods. He hadn't had the courage to step it up, and now he was resigned to being Max's slave. That's how he saw it, anyway.

The smoke clears, and he sees her. She looks like fucking Priscilla Presley in her prime; short skirt, long hair, longer legs.

She's ushering a kid into the Arcade, younger than Max. The kid's blonde hair bounces as She puts coins into her hand. She bends just slightly to speak to her seriously before the kid runs into the Arcade. He tilts his head to check out the curve of her backside as she straightens up. As he exhales the smoke again, he licks the top of his teeth.

When she turns, he knows he's in trouble. His stomach turns, but he likes it. The way she looks at him brings out that damn smirk, and he takes the cigarette out from between his lips. Her eyes are baring into him again, and each long step brings her closer to him before she's standing a pace or two away from his car. A safe distance, he notices.

“You play?” She questions. The words floor him and he feels the smirk falter just the slightest. Glancing around for some sort of hint, he stops tapping his finger against his thigh.

“Huh?” He huffs instead, smoke drifting out of his nostrils. She doesn’t look impressed, which girls normally do by now, seeing him like this. This worries, but also thrills him.

“The Arcade.” She replies, her voice tinged with annoyance. He laughs, it’s quick and biting and it makes a few mothers glare over at him.

“Hell no. My bitchy step sister does.” He says, shifting against the side of the car.

“And yet you’re here waiting on her.” She says. Billy’s jaw tenses, and he feels that fire in his chest that is burning to be released. He doesn’t wait on anyone. *Anyone*. They can’t tell him what to do.

“Because of my *oh* -so-loving parents.” He sighs, taking another drag of his cigarette before dropping it and stubs it out with the toe of his boot. She shifts, crossing her arms.

“And you? Got a pain in the ass sibling?” He questions, jutting his finger in the direction of the Arcade.

“No, no i actually get along with my step sister. Like I get along with Stephen, from Social.”

This throws him again. He pushes off the car, turning to her completely. He takes a step forward, watching her eyes count his steps. Then, she smiles.

But it isn't nice. No, no, it's like... it's like a bee sting. It's quick, it's painful, but it's notable. It feels like that needle digging into him, and he subconsciously rubs the side of his neck.

“Okay, Billy,” She says, and his jaw twitches, his stomach clenches. God, why does it sound so damn *sweet* ? Blinking, his lips part, but no words escape. The sunny eyes watch him with such malice but there's something more. It's that challenge, and he wants to take it.

“I'll see you around.” She says, the smile gone. Her lips resting in that line, surrounded by soft pink lipstick that he wants to smear across her face and stain his lips with. Her hair lifts with the subtle wind that blows, and he finally seems to gather the will to speak.

“And I don't get a name?” He calls. She throws a look over her shoulder that either says *come and get it* or *don't even think about it* .

But the Arcade door opens, and Max steps out, skateboard in hand. She's talking to someone still inside, and he doesn't need to know who it is.

Turning and getting into the car, he looks to where she had gone. All he gets is Max's foreboding stare of "start the damn engine."

~

"I know your name." He says in her ear at a party a week or two later. She was hovering by the drink table alone, as she had been for most of the night. She had missed all of his feats of masculinity that he had put on just for her; chugging the keg, kicking some sophomore out of the party, and being the hottest fucking guy in this joint.

She glanced at him, momentarily surprised, and he's happy. Happy that he trips her for once. She's gotten him enough after the Arcade, and he finally has gotten her back. He sees the way she looks at him in class, how she walks past him with purpose and hips swaying.

"Really?" She muses, her tone how you would be when a kid shows you something unimportant. That irks him, and he licks his lips. He still tastes the staleness of the beer on his tongue, his vision blurs slightly.

"Yeah," He says, more confidently. "I do."

She turns to him, nursing a cup of liquid. He smells the alcohol, or he thinks he can. His senses are not completely reliable right now, but

that does not stop him.

“And how do you know? Did you see it when you were copying my homework from the other day? Or did you force it out of some poor, innocent student?” He grins at this, tilting his head to the side. He leans towards her, the openess of his shirt casting a breeze on his chest. He spies her eyes linger for just a moment, and he wants to laugh.

“What do you think I am? Some ... some sort of barbarian?” He chortles, his words slurred.

“Yes. I do.” She says simply. He grits his teeth, and he lets his head sway to the side.

“You know, you’re a tough crack to case.” He says, moving closer to her face. Her eyelashes flutter, and she smiles as if holding back a laugh. Good, he tells himself, keep doing that. Keep making her smile.

“I don't think that's quite how the saying goes, but... I’m not, really. You just don’t give a lot of effort in, well... anything.” She says. She feels sorry, knowing he's like this. But, she also finds it amusing that he feels brave enough to speak to her after some “truth serum.” She was beginning to think this party wasn’t a total loss after all.

“I do. I did, trying to get your name.” He replies. He tried to stand straight, but he finds his knees buckle when he lets go of the table. God, how much did he have? He wasn’t a this much of a pussy when



it came to alcohol.

“So, when you want something, and I mean *really* want something, you work harder for it.” She mused. Billy scoffs, and halfheartedly shrugs.

“Yeah, sure.” He blinks. She tilts her head to the side, her eyes narrowing and a different smile curls her lips. If he had been in a better shape, he was sure he would have noted it. While her other smile was like a bee sting, this one was like a single drop of honey. Sweet, enticing for more.

“So, what makes you want me so bad?”

~

After another play of basketball, Billy's got his towel wrapped around his torso, and walking back into the locker room from the showers. He finds Tommy H by his locker, pulling off his shirt that's loaded with sweat. He stops by his locker, leaning against the one beside it. He vaguely remembers the party from about two nights ago, but she's still in the back of his mind. And right about now, it's pissing him off.

“What do you know about Carrie Summerman?” He questions. Tommy bends over the bench to untie his shoe, and he sends a smirk over his shoulder at him.

“Oh, boy.” He says in mock excitement. When he peels off his shoe, it releases a stench that is so revolting that some of the other guys have to move away.

“Well?” Billy says impatiently. He was never one to ask about girls like this. He wasn't one of *those* guys fawning over pretty girls. But, he can't help himself.

Tommy H pulls off his other shoe, and tosses them into his locker. He sighs,

“She's no good, Billy. She's a slut, she's damn near slept with every guy in Hawkins High. Maybe even Hawkins itself, from what I hear.” he says. Billy's eyebrows furrow, though he can't find truth in Tommy's words. She seems like a tightass, a priss. Sure, she gives him some pretty riling looks but he can't find himself believing him.

But maybe, just maybe, he doesn't want to.

“Listen, man, she may look like us. Go to parties, like us. Do the things we do, but... she's not one of us.” He says, rummaging in his locker. Billy crosses his arms over his chest,

“What the hell does that mean?”

“It means,” Tommy H says, taking his towel out of his locker, throwing it over his shoulder. “You don't screw around with her without consequences.” Billy's eyes are trained on him, and he

doesn't move.

"I'm just looking out for you, Billy Boy." He says with a smirk.

The sound of Tommy H slamming his locker closed vibrates through the locker room. Tommy H gives him another smirk before passing him to go to the showers. He huffs, and glanced over to see Steve watching him with that same disdainful look he always has on. When Billy meets his eyes, Steve looks away and picks up his backpack to leave. Billy pushes off the locker and heads to his own.

Well.

Challenge fucking accepted, then.

~

He has a date.

It went by so fast, he hardly knew what had hit him. All he remembers is Carrie approaching him, with a honey-like smile and a voice that could convince kings to move mountains, and next thing he knows he is supposed to pick her up the next day to take her to the movies.

The clock says 30 minutes til showtime. His typical hype-session is

off. He doesn't blare the music from his speakers, and his finger taps on his thigh as he looks at himself in the mirror. Chain smoking like it was his last day on earth, he struggles to fix his hair. The product he uses is not cooperating, and he finds himself growing more and more angry with his appearance. This is new, since he wouldn't like to look at anything else 99% of the time.

He tugs at the chain around his neck, agitated. He picks the cig from between his teeth, exhaling a long cloud of smoke. When it clears, he feels better. He grabs his bottle of cologne, slathering it over his throat and his wrists. Out of habit, his hand reaches down his pants and he sucks in a sharp breath.

Stubbing out his cigarette, he glanced up and down at himself in the mirror. He raises his finger and closes one button of his shirt. He doesn't understand why, but he does it anyway.

When he arrives, he arrives at 8:30 on the dot. No use in wasting time in trying to be late to look suave.

Raising his fist, he bangs on the door. A man opens it, and he glanced around. He expected a mother, one he could flirt and charm his way through until she appears. But, a tall, thin man answered the door, blinking at him from behind the thick lenses of his glasses.

"I'm, uh, here for-"

"Carrie!" the man calls, looking back. She comes into view, and Billy swallows. A tight jean skirt hugs her waist and rides up her legs. The

top she wears is cut, and he can see skin.

“It’s cold out. Does your mother know that you’re wearing–“

“It’s fine, Phil. It’s a date.” She says, reaching to the side and grabs her jacket. Pulling it on, she sidelined her dad and slings her purse over her shoulder.

“I’ll be back around 12.” She calls over her shoulder. Billy doesn’t waste time and follows her close behind.

“Curfew’s 11!” He calls.

“12!” She shouts back before ducking into Billy’s car.

On the drive there, they don’t speak much. He can’t pick something to talk about himself, because every time he glanced over at her all he sees is the dimness of streetlights reflecting on her legs.

Waiting in line for tickets, she allows him to put his arm around her. He gets brave enough to compliment her top, and that garners a smile. She insists on paying for the popcorn and they move up to purchase their tickets.

During the movie, she sits with her legs open. She places them in the

front row, and this makes him wary of anything that may happen during the movie. But, she doesn't talk or try and make any moves on him, and the few times he tries to move his hand or kiss her neck some asshole in the back makes a noise and he draws back. He swears he can see her smirk as the movie flashes.

"So, What did you think?" She questions as they walk to his car. He looks to her and sighs. Now, they were gonna *talk* about this stupid movie? Good god, what does he have to do to get what he wants?

"It was fine." He offers, jaw clenched. Though he can't remember the plot or exact characters, it wasn't a bad movie. But his attention was completely elsewhere.

"You know, a movie is supposed to give people something to talk about after seeing it." Billy looks at her incredulously, and scoffs.

"That's what you wanna do, talk? Jesus Christ." He shakes his head and slides into his car, slamming the door and revving up the engine. He was going to leave her ass when he hears the sound of the door opening and closing. He's already mapping the way back to her house in his head. But, when he feels her hands take his face, turning it towards her, his mind goes wild when she smashes her lips against his.

It's hot, it's sweet, it's heavy against his lips. He raises his hand to catch her face but she pulls away and his hand stops midway. The engine purrs in the background, making his skin prickle. Her hands still cradle his face, and he can feel the heat of her cheeks so close to him.

“Billy, I want you to take me somewhere.” She murmurs. He grins, and licks his lips.

That’s more like it.

He turns down a long road he knows leads to nowhere. They move fast, way faster than the speed limit offers. He sees Carrie sit up out of the corner of his eye. Taking off her jean jacket, he sees the skin around her middle emerge. He sees the shadow of her ribs for a second as they pass a yellow streetlight.

She gropes in the middle console before finding the window switch, rolling it down. He grimaces at the smell, that cow shit smell. But, Carrie grins.

“Keep driving.” She says. The next thing he sees is her sticking halfway out the window.

“ *Jesus!* ” He hisses and grabs her ankle as she sits on the window ledge. He heard her laugh, but it’s almost lost in the wind.

“Faster!” She shouts into the cab. One hand on her ankle, the other on the steering wheel, he presses down on the gas a little bit further. She laughs and it sounds like nails rattling together at high speed. He hates it, but he loves it.

He finds himself grinning, and he lets out a big shout as the speed down the road. He bangs the steering wheel, and he feels his lips tighten over his teeth.

His grip around her soft ankle gets a little bit more firm. He feels the goosebumps rise on her leg, and he feels so alive.

~

They're chain smoking on the hood of his car. They talk about the last party, and he brings up the kid he kicked out. Carrie agrees sophomores shouldn't be at parties with juniors and seniors.

She's raking her hair with her fingers, gaining back the sleek dark locks. He remembers seeing pictures of Priscilla Presley as a kid, and how he was so jealous of Elvis because not only did he have it all, he had *her*. The perfect woman, the one that completed the picture. His eyes linger on her throat as she pushes her hair behind her shoulder. Her collar bone is exposed, and he wants to pull off the shirt entirely for denying him the full view.

Reaching up, she takes the cigarette out of his mouth and takes a drag. The way her lips curl around it makes his heart pound. When she blows the smoke in his face, his hand balls into a fist at his side and he moves closer to her. His upper thigh touches her knee and she leans back, crossing her legs.

"What's a good girl like you even doing out here, anyway?" Billy



says, a smirk on his lips as he places his hand on the hood of his car by her side, leaning into her just slightly. He smells her perfume, and it smells like strawberries, like summer. She takes another puff, and opens her mouth to let the smoke waft out. It's thick and enticing, and he breathes it in.

"I think you need to drop your act," She says, and he tilts his head to the side.

"I'll drop mine if you drop yours." He replied, and smirked, proud of his wit. He then looks down to see her already unbuttoning the rest of his shirt. She shifts to the edge of the hood, uncrossing her legs. They move in sync as he pushes her legs apart and she invites him in. His hands move to her thighs, and he finds they're cold. His hand slides up her skirt where he finds the skin is warmer there.

She raises her head and he bends his. When their lips meet he is dizzy. Pulling her against him, he feels her hand move up his chest, and he tenses under her touch. Her tongue moves through his lips, and he lets them wreck their havoc. She tastes like soda and cigarettes.

His other hand moves to the curve of her neck, and he finds himself fighting against her kiss for control. It's exciting, and he feels his blood boil. His hand reaches for her hair, and he curls his hand in the silk of it. Using the slightest bit of force, he makes her head tilt up at him, and he opens his mouth against hers, finally breaking away.

When his hand moves to the inner part of her thigh, he feels her hand grab his wrist.

“If you think you’re going to bang me in the freezing ass cold, you better think again.”

While the fantasy was playing in his head, he obliged her. This definitely wasn’t the first time he had fucked a girl in his car, and it probably won’t be the last. When they climb in, he begins to offer to move to the back but then she moves across the console to straddle his waist.

“This is perfect.” She breathes. Her skirt is hiked up nearly to her waist, and his mouth waters for her. She kisses him hard, and his tongue slides through first this time. His hand immediately curls back into her hair, and he does a few tugs before he hears her sigh against his lips. Her hands are pushing his jacket and his shirt off his shoulders, and he wrestles out of them, slamming his shirt on the dashboard. She grins through the kiss at this, and then she moves. And god, when she moves against him, it feels agonizing.

He doesn’t know how to undo the skirt, so he just pushes it up further till it’s resting around her waist. She doesn’t seem to care, and he lifts his hips to hers. She gasps into his mouth, and her hand is moving around his jeans. His hands greedily grab what material he could of her shirt before lifting it and he tosses it into the passenger seat. Her breasts rise and fall in front of him, and he’s more than pleased that there was no bra to handle.

Her hands undo his jeans, and he feels so damn sore. Aching, begging her to do *anything* . His head moves down to her chest, taking in her collarbones that he had been inspecting before, and kisses it. Soon, he’s sucking on her skin, and feels her hand moving under his jeans, under his boxers. When she grabs his member, he groans into her

skin and feels himself melt in her grasp. God, she must know what she's doing.

Suddenly, a light flashes and Carrie jerks up, her head hitting the ceiling and he hears a slew of curses from her, and himself. He struggles to adjust his pants, and Carrie turns, grabbing his shirt from the dashboard and buttoning it up clumsily around her, pushing her skirt back down. A few taps on the window makes Billy groan. He reaches feels for the button in the middle, and the window rolls down to expose one of the deputies. The one with the glasses, that's all Billy could see.

"What are you kids doing out here?" He questions, trying to sound teasing but Carrie made a face, ducking her face away from the light. Billy winces, and knew he would be in deep shit for this.

"We were just leaving." Billy said, pushing Carrie off of him into the passenger's seat. He hears her grunt and doesn't look at her vicious glare as he starts the car.

"Hm, right. You guys get on home, this is a warning. Another one." He says, raising his eyebrows at Billy. Billy throws a mocking smile at him before he rolls up the window. He revs the engine and whirls out of Lover's Lane, headed back to the neighborhood.

They don't speak much on the way back, much like they did at the beginning. Carrie is combing out her hair again, and adjusting her skirt. He pulls to the side and shuts off his lights about a block from her house, and when he turns she already meets his lips. His hand clasps her neck, and he sighs into her lips.

“Goddamn cops,” He says, still feeling the anger in his bones, his body still reeling from the events. “I’ve never had them come around on a fucking weekday.”

“Guess we just had shit luck today.” She says, and sits straight. He notices his shirt is still around her, buttoned up correctly. He reaches to undo it, and she grabs his wrist again, twisting it away slightly.

“You have shirts at home, right?” She says, quirked an eyebrow. Billy swallows, knowing this was some sort of sign of commitment, which he sure as hell was not going to get wrapped into, but he doesn’t stop her.

He finds he can’t.

She then moves again, and he finds himself preparing for another round when instead of straddling his waist she cradled herself in his lap. Her feet still lay in the passenger seat, and she sits up, taking his face in her hands, she turns his head to the side. The force causes him to frown, and begins to turn away but the pressure of her hand stops him.

He feels her messing around with his ear until he realizes she is taking out his earring.

“What the hell-“

“Shut it. I’m working.” She says with that same amount of annoyance like she does in class. He swallows, his Adam’s apple bobbing. Glancing down, he places his hand around her thigh. She doesn’t say anything as she works. She’s gentle, and it’s almost relaxing.

In barely a minute she pulls away,

“There. A souvenir for you, and for me. We’re even.” She says. He turns to look at her, and she smirks.

“Thanks. For tonight.” She says. She slaps his cheek lightly and slides to the passenger seat.

“Where are you going?”

“Oh, I can walk from here.” She says, grabbing her purse. She picks up her own shirt and shoves it into her bag, and opens the door.

“Same time next week?” She throws over her shoulder. He’s in the middle of pulling on his jacket, and he has to pause. His mouth acts before he can think,

“Why the hell not.” He mumbles, looking to her. She’s bending down

to look at him from the car, and she nods.

“Good deal. See you in class.” The door slams, and he feels odd in the silence. He’s not quite sure what had just transpired, but he knows his lips are throbbing, along with other things in his body.

As he drives, his hand moves to his ear, and he feels something new; a small, metallic star. It feels big as his fingers caress it.

Managing to duck into the house unnoticed, he goes to the bathroom first thing. When he turns to the mirror, he sees his lips are stained with pink. The fire flickers in his chest, and he raises his finger to wipe off a bit of it.

Licking his lip, he smiles at the mirror.

~

On Friday, he’s sitting with Tommy H, Carol, and a few others around their cars before school. Hand in his pocket, he leans against the back of his car as they talk about unimportant things. Classes, dumb teachers, bitchy students. He finds himself scanning the crowd heading into Hawkins High School for no reason. He almost doesn’t catch one of Carol’s friends speaking to him. It’s only when she moves beside him does he even look at her fully.

“Where were you Tuesday night, Billy? We missed the star of the show at the party.” she says, batting her eyelashes.

“Yeah, Hargrove, you missed it. Where the hell were you?” Tommy H laughs, smacking him on the back of his shoulder. It makes Billy rock forward slightly, and he gives him a look. Tommy makes a face, and puts a hand up in defense. Billy takes out his cigarette, puffing out smoke.

“I was busy.” he says.

“You should have been there. It wasn’t the same without you.” Carol’s friend says. He doesn’t even know her name, really. He hooked up with her a few times at a party or two, but her name escapes him.

Suddenly, a loud shout pierces the air. Except it isn’t shouting, it’s music. A car pulls into view, blaring Led Zeppelin.

*We come from the land of the ice and snow*

*From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow*

The car is tan, and unremarkable. But the music is loud, and the group cast disgusted faces over to it.

“God, here we go.” he hears Carol whine.

*How soft your fields so green*

*Can whisper tales of gore*

*Of how we calmed the tides of war*

*We are your overlords*

The music shuts off, but the vibrations still ring through the atmosphere. The door opens, and she emerges. In bell bottoms and his shirt buttoned around her, Carrie slams the car door shut. Her hair blows almost theatrically in the wind and she slaps it to the side. Grabbing her books, he watches her back curve as she bends down then stands straight.

“God, what decade is she from? I’m pretty sure my mom still has jeans like that.” Carol says, smacking her gum. Tommy H shakes his head, but glances at Billy and sees him just staring at Carrie. He grabs his backpack, hitting Billy’s arm.

“Come on, we can’t be late again. Davis has been on my ass about it.” he says. Billy stands straight, letting his cigarette drop. Carrie doesn’t even look at him as she walks into school, but he feels his finger tap subconsciously at his side as he follows Tommy H to first period.

~



She doesn't speak to him over the course of the day.

He doesn't even so much as get a glance. She seems preoccupied, he sees it in her eyes. It's like he's not there anymore, and he's pissed. If she wears his shirt, he better damn well get some recognition and respect.

At lunch, he sees her go to the girl's bathroom and he hangs back as people wade through the crowd to their respective eating spots. When the coast is clear, he pushes open the door to hear a toilet flush.

He closes the door behind him, and he walks in deeper to see Carrie emerge from a stall, wiping her mouth. She looks to him, raising an eyebrow. She only pauses for a second before walking to the sink, washing her hands.

"I thought we agreed on Tuesday night? You're early." She quips. He takes a few steps towards her,

"What the hell are you playing at?" He hisses. She glanced at him from the mirror, before looking down.

"Care to elaborate?" He stands for a moment, knowing this was his moment of weakness. How could he tell her that he felt neglected, that he was deprived of her and the way she looks at him? That Tuesday night still echoed in his mind and pulsed in his body? He feels uncomfortable being in this position, and he finally looks to her.

"My shirt. People are gonna talk."

"Do you really think people will notice? Besides, why are you so concerned about people talking? That's all it is: talk." She turns off the water and shakes her hands, walking to the paper dispenser. Billy takes a slight step out of the way, but when she steps in front of it he moves against her side. His chest pressed against her arm, he feels himself gaining control. Her movements slow as she dries her hand, and she glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

"I don't want people to get the wrong idea, if you know what I mean." He says.

"What? That we're not official?" She says, and moves away from him. The feeling slips easily through his fingers and he swallows.

"Well, because--"

"We're not. I get it. I know what they fill your head with, Billy." She says, looking at herself in the mirror. She fixes her hair, and tilted her head to the side as she inspected herself.

"Because *you* can't be caught sleeping with other people, right?" She says, and reaches up, unbuttoning the shirt until cleavage was visible. She turns to him, leaning against the sink.

"The double standard. Right?" He feels his jaw clench, and his finger twitches at his side. Her neck is long and sloping in his shirt, and he

wants to see the skin littered with dark spots of bruises from him. He finds himself moving closer to her, step by step. His eyes linger up to her lips, and notice how they're perfect and pink again. He raises his hand and glides his thumb across her bottom lip. His eyes flicker to hers,

"Right." He says. Pulling away, he turns to the door and takes a few strides to it. Even though his throat feels parched, he wills himself to take the door handle. He looks back at her as he pulls it open,

"I'll see you Tuesday."

And that slight expression in her eyes as he leaves, is what makes him feel control.

~

He's tired of being in the house on Sunday when he decides to go on a drive. He lets the music play loud, and bangs on the steering wheel to the music, on and off tempo. It doesn't matter, it's pure distraction.

He races down the backroads, and he thinks of that night when Carrie sat outside the window. He remembers the slope of her ankle, and how he had given her goosebumps from his touch.

Shaking his head, he changes the station. The roaring sound of a guitar sends him flying.

As he neared downtown, he lowered the volume. He breathes, rubbing his face and glanced around. This definitely was not California, it never will be. He's stuck in this shithole until he finds a way out, if he ever does. That thought makes his finger twitch, and he pulls to a stop at a red light.

There are maybe 3 red lights in Hawkins, he learns. None of them really matter, since traffic is so sparse. He supposed it's for the pedestrian traffic, and he sees some people pass in front of him. He recognizes Nancy Wheeler, Steve's Ex girlfriend, walking with Johnathan Byers. They pass, oblivious to his presence. He drives on.

He looks at the town before him. He really looks at it, and he still finds himself hating it. The sparse decorations they hang in an attempt to be festive for Christmas just saddens him. Seeing the people just walk so mindlessly makes him angry. It's so empty here, so isolated. It doesn't feel like home.

He all but slams on his breaks when he spots her. She's standing there, all perfect and smiling ( *really* smiling), cozied up in a jacket and a scarf. She's laughing, and it sends a pang of jealousy through him.

It ignites into fury when he sees Steve Harrington. He's just talking casually, but he's smiling. And so is Carrie. The grip on his steering wheel tightens, and his jaw clenches. He wants to wipe that grin off of Steve's face, beat it to a bloody pulp again.

Tommy H's words ring in his mind, and he almost gets out of the car. If what he said was true, then it was highly likely Steve could be a

part of that list of names she probably had.

He finds himself not wanting to believe it. Again.

Turning forward, he's reminded of what they said. It shouldn't matter, because they're not "official."

His hand moves up to touch the star in his ear, and his grinds his teeth together.

He revs the engine, and blasts down the road in a fury.

~

It's Monday, then it's Tuesday. The day is spent in apprehension and eagerness, though neither of them would admit that to each other.

Once the clock ticks to 7:30, Carrie moves to get ready. She brushes her hair to the tune of Bowie and grabs a sweater from her closet. Hiking up another mini skirt, she tucks the sweater into it. Pushing her hair back, she assessed herself in the mirror. She pulls the sweater out and reaches under, undoing the clasp of her bra. It slips off with ease and she tosses it behind her, stuffing the sweater back.

Perfect.

It's nearing 8:15 when her door opens. She turns to see her mother at the door, arms crossed, lips pressed together.

"Is this going to be a recurring thing? You and that Hargrove boy?" She questions. Carrie shrugs, and looks around for her purse.

"It's just a date, Mom." She says, climbing over her bed and grabs her purse. Her mother averts her eyes from the skirt as it slides up exposing her underwear. She's giving Carrie a hard look when she stands straight, tugging at the bottom of her skirt. Her mother takes a few steps into the room, and takes Carrie by her chin.

"I know what those people say about you. I'm not deaf, and people talk." She says stiffly. Carrie glanced down before pulling out of her grasp.

"And you listen to them?"

"Only when it starts affecting me, too. You set an example for this family, Carrie, and I can't have you running around like some kind of.. of-"

"Slut? Yeah, I've heard it, too." She says, walking to her boudoir and picks up her perfume. A few spurts on her wrists and on her neck satisfy her, but she still feels her mother behind her.

"I won't tolerate that, Carrie. You better not be acting so out of order."

“I have great grades, and I help out with the house, and I’m involved with extracurriculars that *you* suggested. Can’t I have a little bit of freedom, at all?” Carrie says, struggling to keep her voice even as she turns around.

“I beat myself up to make you happy. Why is it never enough?” She whispers, her voice trembling just the slightest. It gives her away, and she hates it.

There’s a knock downstairs and she hears Phil call her name.

She crosses the room to turn off the stereo, and moves to the door when her mother grabs her arm. It’s firm, and keeps her in place. Carrie bites her lower lip to keep from reacting as she feels her manicured nails dig into her skin through the sweater.

“Freedom doesn’t mean getting pregnant at 18.” Her mother hisses. “The Catholic school is always taking applicants.”

Carrie wrenched her arm out of her grip and stormed down the steps. She passes Phil without regard, and Billy can see the coarse expression on her face. Looking back, he sees her mother standing at the stairs, one hand gripping the railing with white knuckles.

“You will have her home by 11, Mr. Hargrove.” She says, her voice grave and authoritative. Billy glanced to the side, but nods.

When he gets to the car, Carrie is already inside with arms and legs crossed, and those pretty pink lips pressed into a thin line.

~

She loosens up once they make distance from the house, he can tell. Her shoulders relax and her legs slowly come undone. He compliments her perfume and that seems to help open her up a bit more.

They bypass a movie, going to the general store and buying cigarettes and sodas.

(Carrie manages to buy them a 6 pack of beer, and Billy wonders to what end are her charms.)

Billy drives down the road again, fast, but Carrie doesn't smile, she doesn't roll the windows down. She does close her eyes and lean back, and he hears her breathe softly.

He finds a different place to park, away from Lover's Lane. It's under the cover of woods, and he cuts off the headlights. Carrie immediately reaches for the 6-Pack, and the can hisses as she pops it. The tension is still evident, the teasing and playfulness from last Tuesday gone from her. He sits there for a moment, wondering how to fix this.

So, he indulges her.



“Mom’s a bit of a bitch, huh?”

Carrie swallows a big gulp of beer and glanced outside.

“You have no idea.” She mumbles.

“Why don’t you just ignore her?” She laughs at that, and takes another sip. He opens his own, and he glanced at her uneasily.

“I can’t ignore her when she threatens to uproot my entire life.” She says, shaking her head.

“How?”

“Catholic School is always taking applicants.” Well, fuck you too, *mother*.” Carrie says, anger tinging her voice. Billy swallows his beer thickly.

“I mean, imagine you trying to tell your mom to piss off with that hanging over your head. Or your dad.” She says, and Billy winces. His father doesn’t threaten him with catholic school or rehab or any of that shit. He just rules on pure fear alone, and his hands ball into fists at the memories.

“Fuck it, I guess. She can’t tell me what to do for much longer.” She

says, rifling around and found the cigarettes, sticking one between her lips.

“Got a light?” He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his lighter, tossing it to her. She catches it, and lights it. He looks to her and sees her sigh, then take another cigarette out, extending it to him. He takes it, and she leans close to join their ends, igniting his own.

The proximity reminds him of what this night was supposed to be. He inhales the cigarette, leaning to the side to look at her. She spreads her legs out, one propped up on the console, exposing her underwear beneath her skirt. When his eyes flicker up to hers, she’s already looking at him with that familiar dark, promiscuous look.

There she is.

“Say,” She says, taking the cigarette between her fingers and exhales the smoke through her nose. “Let’s do something that will really make my mom flip shit.”

He couldn’t agree more.

~

He’s the first one to move this time. He takes her face roughly and smashes his lips against hers. His hand holds her jaw in place, and he feels his fingers digging into her skin. She’s gasping against his lips,

but he doesn't let go.

Her hands find their way to his wrists, and he feels her trying to pull him off. Finally, he lifts his lips from hers, running his tongue across the bottom of his lip.

"Come here." He says, and pulls her onto his lap. She moves her legs between his own, and her skirt rides up again. His hands rip up her sweater and he runs his hands up her ribs. She's warm, and his fingers feel like ice.

She breathes in sharply, and she bends down to his neck. He leans his head to the side, and grips her thigh tight, pulling her close to him to where he can feel her middle against his own. She leans back, but her back hits the steering wheel causing the horn to go off once.

"Fuck." Billy hisses, leaning down and let's the seat slide back a few notches. Billy pulls off his jacket, and Carrie helps him out of his shirt generously. Tossing them both into the back seat, she kisses him again. He pulls away for a moment, looking up at her. He takes his thumb, and can see the faintness of her lipstick. He brushes his finger across her lips, and smears it onto her cheek. She gives him a dark look, and takes his hand. She touches it delicately, and then slides two digits into her mouth, nearly to where his rings sat.

He feels his body become rigid as she moves up and down his fingers. Her tongue dances between and around them, and he can only wonder what she can do under him.

When she finally releases his fingers, she lowers his hand. Down,

down, down, until they reach her heat. She's hot from underneath her underwear, and he moves it to the side and wastes no time putting his fingers in.

She throws her head back, and lets out a moan or cry of some sorts that keeps him moving. He moves his fingers in and out, adding his thumb to massage above her entrance. He likes the way her face contorts as he takes her to the edge. Her lips form an expression he hasn't seen before, and he loves it.

He brings her down to his lips, smothering a scream she was about to echo. Not yet.

He pulls his fingers out, and licks them. She's heaves a breath, splaying her hands out over the mass of skin of his chest.

"Goddamn it, Billy." She whispers. Her face is hidden from the shadows, but he feels the heat from it.

He leans forward, working at her chest again like he did the other night. She's soft, supple, and her breasts feel heavenly. None of the girls in California ever felt like this.

He moves to her neck and gets more rough. He sucks, bites at the skin. Carrie is sighing, moaning into his shoulder. Her hand moves up his chest and knots in his hair. It hurts, but he doesn't stop.

As he moves to the other side of her neck, she works on undoing his

jeans. By now, the windows are fogged all the way up, with no way to see out, or in. She almost busts the button, but finally found freedom to dig into his jeans.

A sharp bite makes her flinch, but she finds his member again. He has to pull away momentarily to rest against her collarbone as she works him. He's stiff under her, and he feels himself pulsing. As her hand moves up and down, he has to lean back entirely. He grabs the side of the door, and his sigh turns into a hiss.

Carrie leans over him as she continues, kissing at his chest and collarbone. Where she kisses, she licks. He feels her sucking on his skin, and his hand finds their way to her waist. He grips it tight as he feels himself come to the edge.

Then, she stops. With a few movements he feels her settle over him. She's warm, she's slick, and good god she feels *good*. He grins when he feels her moan against his skin. This is what he's wanted since the beginning.

The haze lifts just slightly enough for him to work. He takes her hips and begins guiding her. It's slow at first, with some adjustments on her part, but soon their easy rhythm turns faster, and panting fills the car.

Carrie bends her head down his neck, and he turns his head to immerse himself in the scent of her hair. Her hand that lay on his chest now digs her nails into his skin, dragging it down.

Throwing his head back against the seat cushion, he moans. He isn't

sure if he says her name or not, but what matters is that afterwards he hears her as well. He jerks his hips up, and she slams down on his hips at the same time, and that's enough.

She lifts off of him and he spills into the seat. He feels her shudder against him, and she lifts her hand against the window to steady herself.

He's panting, and so is she. She lifts her head, shaking it and getting her hair out of the way. His chest rises and falls, and glistens with sweat. He pushes his hair back, and looks up at her.

"Not bad." He says. She rolls her eyes, and grabs his face, kissing his lips hard.

"Likewise."

~

Carrie steps out of the car for a moment to do god knows what, and he busies himself with cleaning the car seat.

He can already hear his fathers words in his ear, making him flinch. He works frantically, and checks several times that there was no trace of anything in the seat. He even wipes the window of Carrie's handprint that is still pronounced, even after the car cools down.

He adjusts his seat back, and the door opens. Carrie slides inside, her hand around her mouth lightly. She grabs her purse, and reapplied her lipstick. It's a goddamn shame, since he just tried his best to get it off of her.

The drive is calm, and close to being called soothing. Carrie leans her head back against the seat, and her eyes move opened and closed with weariness. Billy feels relaxed for the first time in a while, and his foot rides easy on the gas pedal.

He glances over at her and sees she's nearly asleep, and rides down the extra block to her house. When he stops in front of her house, it's 10:50. Ten minutes to spare.

When she doesn't move, he reaches out and brushes a finger across her neck, pushing a strand of hair behind her shoulder. She turns, her eyes fluttering slightly and she glanced outside, wincing.

"Thanks." She mumbles, leaning down and taking her bag. She slides the pack of cigarettes in as well, and looks to him.

"I'll see you in class." She says, and her voice is husky, thick with the aftermath of passion. He puts his hand on the back of her head and brings her in for a deep kiss. It tastes different: salty, and burning. He pulls away, just slightly, letting his hands tangle in her hair and then let go.

"Next week, same time." He says. She leans back, tilting her head to the side. She laughs, and then gets out. His stomach turns, and he thinks she won't agree. But she has to, she will.

She turns to him, her hand on the door.

“Okay, Billy.” She said, and the door slams shut.

~

This is how it goes for the rest of November. Every Tuesday, 8:30, he picks her up. Sometimes he’s at the door, sometimes not.

They catch a movie, or buy cigarettes and beer and hang out in their new spot. Once, on the fourth excursion, he takes her to dinner. It’s nothing fancy, and they spend all of 30 minutes there and then drive.

Sometimes they fuck, sometimes they don’t. He finds himself wanting to be with her a little more every day, but he doesn’t say anything. Neither does she.

No one at school has noticed, at least that he can tell. Tommy H sometimes gives him a look here and there, but no one else even speaks of Carrie after the second Tuesday. It’s like she doesn’t exist to them, and things go back to normal.

He gets eager for Tuesdays. Once the weekend is over, he pushes through Monday, to triumph on Tuesday.



Of course, it has to go down hill *somehow*.

The last Friday of November, Carrie isn't in class. She's still absent on Monday and this makes him antsy. He doesn't have her home number, but he drives by her house to see her car is still in the driveway.

So, her mother hasn't discovered their true intentions and shipped her off to god knows where.

But when he gets home, his own life goes to hell in a handbag. His father attacks him, with anything he's done or said in the past two weeks. He didn't take Max to the Arcade, he's disrespecting and giving attitude to Susan, and he spends a hell of a lot of time and precious money taking out his "new whore." Neil says he knows what people say about Carrie, and he says it's only a matter of time before he gets her pregnant or he gets wrapped into the same talk she's in.

He doesn't defend her. He lets his father scream, shout, push him, and hit him.

Just another day in the Hargrove household.

He stays in his room as it gets dark outside. His eyes are blurry from tears, and he curses this goddamn town. He wants California, sweet California where no one gave a fuck what he did, who he was with, where he was.

His face stings, and he thinks his head or something is bleeding. When he wipes his lip, it comes back bloody. He's sure he will have bruises tomorrow, and his hands curl into fists.

The hours tick by, and his anger simmers. He hears dinner go by without him, no one invites him to join. Soon he hears the padding of feet, doors swing shut, and the house falls quiet.

He stands up, stubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray and grabs his jacket. His eyes still burn, and he wants to cry, but he will *not fucking cry*.

Sticking his cigarettes and a lighter in his jacket pocket, he slips out the window.

He just walks aimlessly, letting the night and its cold arms wrap around him as he smokes cigarette after cigarette. After a few, his mouth feels like sandpaper and he can't feel his tongue. He flicks his last cigarette butt away, and turns down Maple Street.

Her house is the fourth on the left, a cookie-cutter house from the housing boom in the 50s. In seeing her (step) father and mother, he's sure they're very proud of their achievement of the American Dream.

He hops the fence, and goes to the back. Looking up at the second story, he sees a few windows. Two are dimly lit, and one is black. The feeling of nothing to lose makes him climb, and he glances in a window.

Not Carrie's.

He's quiet, or at least he hopes he is, as he moves to the next room. There's one bedside lamp on, and he sees a figure in bed. When she turns, he taps on the window.

She jumps, and sits up for a moment, looking at the window. She slowly creeps out when he taps again, and she pushes the lace curtains back, her eyes wide.

"Billy? What the fuck-"

"Let me in." He hisses. She lifts the window, and he slides in. He turns away from her as she closes it, and crosses her arms.

"What the hell are you doing? You can't be here. My mom is going to-"

But he turns and clenches his jaw. Carrie stops mid sentence, and her mouth just hangs open. Her hand moves to her mouth.

"Jesus Christ. Billy, what happened?" She whispers. He glances down, shaking his head.

"Nothing, I- I shouldn't have come." He said, raising his head and shaking his head, licking his lips.

“Sit.” She says. When he just stands, she gives him a hard look.

“Do you want me to scream or do you want me to help?” She raises an eyebrow, and he begrudgingly sits.

She returns from outside a minute later, a box in hand. She sits beside him on the bed, and touches his chin. Her fingertips are cold against his skin, but he embraces it. The cold is numbing, and it feels nice.

“Where have you been?” He murmurs as she wipes the blood away from his eyebrow. She glances at him, then dabs the wound with alcohol. He hisses, and leans his head away. When he sits straight, he catches her wrist, glancing to her.

“I haven’t been feeling well.” She says, and pulls her hand out of his grasp. He exhales sharply through his nose, but nods slightly.

“Don’t worry,” She says, taking a cotton ball and swiping at his lip. “It’s not contagious.”

As they settle in silence, he really looks at her. The first thing he notices is his shirt. She wears it buttoned, but only in that and her underwear. She doesn’t seem to be ashamed, and if things were different, he would act on this information.

He also notices her cheeks are a little more hollowed out, her eyes dark underneath them. The light in her eyes is barely there. How has he not noticed this?

“What’s wrong with you?” He questions. She stops and looks at him incredulously, and scoffs.

“You come here in the dead of night, asking for help, and you ask me *that*? Nice try, Hargrove.” She stands up and takes the box, walking to her boudoir. He rolls his eyes, and swallows.

“Are we still on for tomorrow?” He questions. She pauses, and then looks at him.

“No.” She says. His hand twitches, and he tilts his head to the side. She turns away, and he stands.

“Why? Because you’re not feeling good?” He questions. He could feel that anger in the back of his mind again, like he did when he was beating Steve Harrington’s face to a pulp. That makes him remember,

“Or maybe you’d rather have Steve Harrington take you instead?” She whirls around at that,

“Where the *fuck* did that come from?” she laughs dryly.

“I saw you two, a while ago. You were talking to him.”

“Yeah, I talk to people I see in public. Big fucking deal.”

“Well you don’t talk to him. Not when you’re with me.”

“Wh- *“When I’m with you?”* What the hell does that mean? Since when did we become official? Since when did you *own me?*” She says, crossing the room with purpose. When she gets close enough, he grabs her by the shirt and pulls her against him. Her toes struggle to touch the ground, and she raises a hand to push against his chest, her eyebrows contorting together.

“When you put on my shirt.” He whispers lowly. She stopped struggling, and looks at him. Her expression turns dark, and he feels exhilarated.

“There you are.” He says, lessening his grip and touching her cheek lightly, letting her touch the floor again.

“You’re mine, Carrie. Remember?” He says, flicking the star in his ear. Her jaw clenched, and she puts both hands on his chest, shoving him away. He stumbled back a few steps, and feigns a laugh.

“Fuck you.” She whispers. He grins, shaking his head.

“You’re mine, and you know it.” He says, and she shakes her head. He takes a few steps toward her, and she takes equal steps back. He

feels pride in his chest, the feeling of control making his hands relax. He takes a few steps closer and he hears her bump the boudoir. He takes her face gently, turning her to him. He barely remembers what his father had yelled at him about, his cut lip or his cheek. The look in her eyes is enough to forget it all, and he grins.

“Wear something nice tomorrow, okay?”

~

Things more or less get back to normal from there. Their sessions in his car are increasingly more volatile. Both leave with marks for the next day, but neither of them let up.

Billy finds himself fighting with her as they “get it on.” He’s fine with being under her, so long as he has control, but she likes to exercise her dominance as well. It’s annoying as hell, but he finds the sex all the more passionate. She’s looking better after the night he visited her, and he doesn’t think much of it.

The snow begins to fall as December makes its way. Students and teachers alike are getting excited for school to be over, to be free of academia and all of its responsibilities. But, he dreads it.

He will have to stay home more often, and deal with his shitty home life. That, and he won’t be able to see Carrie every day whenever he pleases.

“Dude, this thing is getting out of hand.” Tommy H says as he walks in with him to the cafeteria. It’s too cold outside for them to lounge about by their cars, so they have to join the rabble in the lunchroom. Billy is fine with this, since this is where Carrie spends most of her lunch hour. Or he assumes it is.

“What are you talking about?” He says exasperatingly.

“You and Carrie. What even are you guys?”

He comes to a stop, and several students dodge them as they stand. Billy looks to him with furrowed eyebrows, and Tommy H laughs.

“Jesus Christ, do you think I’m some idiot? I’ve literally seen you guys out together a load of times. I thought I told you to stay away from her? She’s damaged goods.” He says. Billy’s jaw tenses, and he looks between his eyes.

“How about you don’t fucking worry about it?” He says, jabbing a finger in his chest. Tommy H winces, taking a step back and rubs his chest.

“God, you could just say that you’re together. I don’t give a shit, but, the others-“

“I don’t give a damn what they think. I don’t care what *you* think, got it?”



“That’s fine, Billy Boy. But people are asking questions. Just come clean about it.” Billy turns away from him and stomps to the table, sitting down with their normal lunch groupies. Tommy H comes not long after, but settles himself beside Carol, a seat away from Billy.

He spots her talking to a group of freshman at the side of the cafeteria. She’s holding a clipboard and is flanked by another student. Her hair is shiny and combed, and falls down her back perfectly. When she moves, it sways.

She moves from group to group, and he hears one of the girls groan “*another lunch time poll*” and gag. Billy sits back expectantly as she makes her rounds, until she reaches his table.

“Hi, guys. Lunchtime poll.” She says, and is making an effort to be chipper about it. He notices her cheeks are more rosy today, and she looks happier. Even if she has to deal with these assholes.

“How about this? 99% of people say “blow me.”” One of the girl’s cackle. Carrie rolls her eyes, adjusting the pen in her hand.

“The world is about to end and you’re given a million dollars. What do you do with it?” She questions, her eyes scanning the table. Her eyes land on Billy for just a millisecond longer, and it doesn’t go unnoticed by him. He quirks up an eyebrow, biting his lower lip.

“Probably get Kevin Bacon to dance with me,” sighs one of the girls, batting her eyelashes.

“Ha! I’d pay Brooke Shields to sit on my face. I mean, have you *seen* her?”

“I’d probably donate it to charity. It’ll help some people before the world explodes, anyway.”

“I’d invest it in my dad’s stocks. Makes sense, right?”

A few more give their answers, and Carrie looks less than impressed as she takes them down. The girl beside her is small and meek, with glasses as big and round as Coke bottles.

“What about you?” Billy questions, and Carrie pauses writing. She looks up,

“Pardon?”

“What would *you* do with a million dollars?” He questioned, leaning his elbows on the table. She scoffs,

“That’s easy,” she says as she continues writing, “I’d get the hell out of Hawkins. Thank you all for your precious time.” She adds before moving on. He hears some of the girls dive in immediately,

“God, she is *such* a bitch.”

“Did you see that sweater? My mom still has one like that from the 60s.”

“I swear, she does some hippie shit after school. She’s got to, I mean, look at her-“ Billy feels his blood begin to boil, and he slams his fist down on the table, causing people to jump.

“Can you guys shut the hell up about her already?” He hisses. Carol’s mouth hangs open, and she twists a piece of her hair.

“Sorry, did we offend you? Talking smack about your girlfriend?” she coos.

The table falls silent and his hands ball into fists. He can feel Carrie’s eyes on him, and he stands up, pushing his chair back violently.

“I’m going out for a smoke.”

~

“So, can we talk about it?”

“Talk about what?”

“About why you’re here every other night.”

It’s exactly 5 days before Christmas, and Billy is sitting on Carrie’s window sill, smoke in hand, chest glistening with sweat from a late night escapade. His skin is white hot against the chilly night air, and he breathes in sharply and exhales deeply. The smoke funnels around his nostrils and seeps out like steam. He looks over at Carrie who is pulling on a shirt. One of his, again.

“There’s nothing to talk about.” He says, putting the cigarette between his lips.

While they had never really gone into intimate detail about their home lives, it was decided that they both indeed had parental issues. It was never really discussed, but with Billy showing up at her window more often Carrie decided it was time to at least question it.

“You’ve come to me with bloody noses and cut lips. I know you don’t find fights on random nights of the week.” She says, crossing her arms. He glances outside, the moonlight casting a glow into the room. She walks to the window, settling from across him. When the wind blows, she doesn’t shiver.

“I don’t want to talk about it, okay?” He snaps, and inhaled sharply. He takes out the cigarette and exhales, wiping his mouth.

“It’s your dad. Isn’t it?”

"I said I *don't want to talk about it.*"

"How long is it going to be until one day you can't make it here? Where you're stuck at your house, with no one to turn to."

"I'll get by."

"Right. Like you always do."

The silence is unsettling. Billy huffs and puffs in silence, and Carrie stares at him from the other side of the window sill. Their knees barely touch, but his warmth is close.

"I'm not asking anything from you. I never have. No romantic gestures, no labels, no flowers or any of that shit. But, for once, can you be honest with me?" Billy's eyes slowly move from the outside to her, and she shifts on the window. Her skin looks sallow and white in the moonlight, like an angel. Her hair frames her face and makes her look heavenly. Even her eyes have a grey tint to them.

"If you could tell me anything, what would it be, right now?" In the silence, the world opens up to him at that moment. He feels suddenly so very small in a world that could easily swallow him whole. Every word, every hit, every shove against the wall or dot of spit that would strike his face magnifies.

His eyes become blurry, and he rubs them hurriedly. Even when he takes them away, he can't see. He will not cry. He will *not* fucking

cry.

“Billy, why are you always so alone?”

He realizes that it's not her voice. It's something else entirely, but it slams into him and knocks the wind out of him.

He feels the hot tears roll down his cheeks before he knows he's crying. He bends his head and his shoulders shake.

Why, why, *why*?

Carrie slowly stands, and takes his cigarette. He doesn't seem to notice as he holds his head in his hands and she hears him sniffle. She crushes the cigarette in the ash tray by the window. He sinks off the window sill onto the floor, and she closes the window.

His shoulders feel tight, and he just wants to curl up until he doesn't exist. Months, possibly years of tears seep down his face and feel so hot that it's like acid. So much pain, suffering, hiding and *pain* rips open his chest.

And for once, he feels the shell of himself slip away.

Carrie is on her knees beside him, and touches his arm lightly. She leans her head against his, and he exhales, his body shaking as he does. She pushes back his hair, and kisses his temple. The gesture is

so simple, so intimate and loving, that he squeezes his eyes shut tight and lowers his head once more. He figures this is the moment she truly became something to him. Or, maybe it was a while ago, and he never really saw it until now.

“You can stay here tonight.” She whispers. Her hand moves through his hair, and she touches the white star that glows in his ear.

As he leans into her touch, he feels wanted.

~

“A minute and 48 seconds. What are you doing, Summerman?” Her coach growls as she finally comes to a stop. She feels dizzy, but she breathes evenly and leans her hands on her knees.

“I’m sorry, I’ll do better next time. I haven’t been sleeping well lately.” She says, rubbing her eyes. I’m all truthfulness, she didn’t feel good at all. But, track practice could not wait. Not with regionals soon, and prom to plan, and the yearbook to organize...

“You need to make time for rest, Summerman. We need you.” He says, clearing his stopwatch. She nods,

“I know. I’m working on it.” She says. He nods for her to go take a break, and she pulls on the sweatshirt. The end of January brought snow on and off, and today was one of those days where everything was grey and mushy and just dismal.

She walks inside to the hall leading to the locker rooms. She rubs her forehead and off comes a heinous amount of sweat. She tightens her ponytail, which she can only guess is as gross as she feels.

Evening her breath out, she hears the doors open ahead and the skidding of shoes on the floor. The thudding of basketballs is lessened when the door is shut, and she looks up to see Steve, head down, towel around his neck. He glances up, and nods in her direction.

“Rough practice?” She questions in passing, leaning against the wall. He scoffs,

“You’ve got no idea. Coach Williams make you do stadiums?” He said, turning as he walked backwards.

“I escaped that fate today, luckily. But, next week..”

“Good luck, then.” He laughs.

“You, too.” She says. When he turns away, the door opens again, and she looks to Billy.

“What are you doing?” He questions, panting slightly, his shirt stained with sweat.



“Socializing. You look like shit.”

“So do you.” He says, and takes her face, kissing her hard on the mouth. She winces at the force, and pushes him away slightly.

“That’s not nice.” She chides. He glances at her up and down, shrugging. He turns so she’s pressed against the wall, and he leans his hand beside her head.

“You should come over tonight. My mom and Phil are having “date night,” and Allison is having a sleepover with one of her friends from school.” He smiles, and the smile on her lips is small and sweet. He leans his head close to hers,

“I’ll try to stop by.” He murmurs, and bites at her earlobe lightly. She shrieks with a laugh, turning away from him but his arm catches her. He kisses her jaw, and her neck and she has a hand on his bicep, trying to pry him off when the gym door opens again. He moves fast, and Carrie turns away, walking to the girl’s locker room. Tommy H stands, his eyebrows furrowing as he glances back at Carrie, then him.

Surprisingly, he doesn’t ask. He turns and walks to the locker room doors, and Billy steals one last look before following him.

~

Come March, he hardly sees her anymore.

Basketball and Max duties take up his time, and Carrie's weight in afterschool activities keep them apart. Their Tuesdays dissolve, and the late night visits have become impossible with Carrie either being too tired or Billy not having the strength to make it out of the house.

But when he does see her, oh, it's heaven.

Spring has approached, and the cloud of winter has finally lifted. The sun is out, the snow has almost thawed, and he wears his shirts open again. People talk about summer plans, about applying to colleges, of what to do next. He's not very worried about where he will end up, even with his father breathing down his neck. He has a college lined up, a decent one. But, he's not sure if he wants it or not.

All he wants in life is to be free of responsibility and be with Carrie every now and then. People have stopped questioning them, have stopped giving him weird looks or talking in front of him. He finds it more and more comfortable to talk to Carrie about his issues, about what he thinks. He thought no one cared about him, his thoughts, but it seemed he was wrong.

Yesterday night, they had a date. Nothing fancy, just a movie. Carrie was too tired to mess around, and could hardly keep her eyes open. Something was troubling her, but he couldn't tell what. He had noticed some sort of decline over the months. Her eyes got darker, her skin just a little tighter over her ribs. He figured it was just school, and never thought much of it. Besides, he had his own shit to worry about.

Pulling up to the parking lot, he kills the engine. Max doesn't say

anything as she climbs out and heads to the middle school. He sees her little group of friends waiting for her. Even that Sinclair kid. He swallows his repulsion and climbs out.

As he walks through the parking lot, an ambulance speeds out from the side of the school and disappears. He takes out a cigarette, and lights it up. He sees Tommy H, Carol, and others gathered around, talking animatedly. Exhaling, he approaches the group.

“Hey, Billy Boy, ready for the big game tonight?” Fred says, slapping him on the shoulder. He shrugs it off, agreeing half heartedly. He leans against the back of Tommy H’s car,

“What did I miss?” He questions, taking out the cigarette between his lips.

“Oh, you mean that?” Tommy H juts his finger into the direction of the ambulance.

“No, your punk ass face. Yes, *that*.”

“You didn’t hear?” Tommy H asks incredulously. Billy raised an eyebrow,

“Since I just got here, no.”

“Oh my god, you missed it.” Linda croons, and rolls her eyes

dramatically.

“Apparently, Carrie Summerman tried to off herself in the girl’s locker room. How fucked up is that?” Wendy says. Billy blinks,

“What?”

The world seems to blur.

“Yeah, there was blood *everywhere*. I mean, if you’re gonna kill yourself, why do it in the locker room?”

“She couldn’t be classy or make a statement, like in an classroom or something.”

Billy can hear his heartbeat in his ears. It rises until it’s a loud roar, and he can’t feel his fingers. He can’t feel *anything*.

“Or just do it at home. She must have been *starving* for attention.” Carol sighs.

“Jesus, Billy, you look like you’re going to pass out.” Roy says, and Billy pushes past him.

“Hey, Billy, what are doing?” Fred says, throwing his hands up.

His world, in a sense, collapses.

~

Her hearing comes back first. A dull beeping is constant, and coaxes her to consciousness. Her mother's voice is stark against it.

"Starving herself, a miscarriage... There are easier ways to kill yourself, doesn't she know that?" She hears a voice hiss. She hears a lower, baritone voice: her stepfather, Phil.

"I'm sure she didn't know. You know she's been under a lot of pressure--"

"I knew she wasn't cut out for track. The physical strain is too much on her. And that boy, I swear, if I ever get my *hands on him*--"

"We don't even know if it's him. You've heard what those kids say, it could have been any of them."

Carrie's eyes burn, even if they're closed. She feels a hot tear slide down the side of her face.

Good god.

Her eyes open, and it's not as bright as she thought. She hears shuffling, and softer voices, and the bed dips to her right.

"Hey, sweetheart. Can you look at me?" She turns her head to see her mother's face. A face that was meant to be loving and kind, now she just felt sick and loathed to look at her. Tears burn her eyes even more, and she can't move. Her body is too heavy, and her heart weighs her down.

"Mama, what happened?" She whispered. Her voice is hoarse, chalky.

Her mother pushed her hair back, smiling all too sweetly.

"It's going to be okay. Everything will be fine. You let us take care of it." She says, patting her arm lightly, and she sees her smile wane. Behind it is a livid look, and Carrie can only squeeze her eyes shut as more tears escape.

She begs for darkness to overtake her again.

~

It's the last week of April when he finally sees her again.

It's for a fleeting second.

She's walking out of the general store, holding a bag of groceries. Her little sister, Allison, bounces beside her and takes her hand.

The light turns green.

She doesn't see him.

~

He has timed this perfectly.

Phil had just pulled out for work, and her mother was out as well with Allison. He had braved parking by the road, and walked up to the door. He knocks barely twice when the door opens.

"Billy?" His name sounds so sweet on her lips. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Carrie, I came to talk." He says, his throat already closing up. He leans his hand against the doorway.

"Please. Let me in."

The door opens just slightly, and he pushes his way through the rest, slamming the door behind him.

“What the hell happened? Where have you been?” He demands, and she laughs.

“God, here we go again. Couldn’t you act like you genuinely missed me for once?” She shakes her head. His hands shake, and he feels his finger tapping at his side. So many questions demanding answers flickered in his mind, yet none could make it out of his mouth.

“I was sick, alright?”

“Is that why you tried to kill yourself, huh? ‘Cause you’re *sick*?” He bites. He feels so betrayed, so hurt. Why could she ever think of leaving him?

She pauses at this. Her face contorts to disbelief, then pure fury.

“You’ve *got* to be *fucking kidding me*.” The tone makes his stomach flip, and he swallows. His mouth opens and shuts as he finds his words,

“You tried to kill yourself. Why? Why didn’t you-“

“Talk to you? Because you’re too busy talking about you and your goddamn daddy issues all the time. Jesus, it’s *always* about you, isn’t



it? When is it not, is a better question!” She infuriates, throwing her hands up in the air. Her shoulders tense, and he shifts from side to side. No one talks to him like this. Ever.

“Oh, please, look at you and your mommy issues! Look at where it got you!” He shouts, gesturing to her. She rips up the sleeves of her sweatshirt, and nearly throws herself into him, raising her wrists.

“See anything? No, you idiot, because I didn’t try to kill myself. That’s just bullshit that your friends probably cooked up. Fucking-” He grabs her wrists, and lowers them away. Her eyebrows twitch in pain, and she tries twisting her hands out of his grasp.

“What the hell did you do, then? Huh?” he hisses, jutting his chin out.

He meets her eyes, and he sees the fury within the amber. She’s fearless, and looks like she has absolutely nothing left to lose. He’s never seen this, and he’s terrified.

“I’ve been starving myself and stressing myself to an oblivion over the past few months. No wonder I had a miscarriage.”

The word flickers with familiarity in his mind. His lips tremble slightly, and his grip lessens.

“W-What?” His voice is small, barely a whisper. She grits her teeth, leaning up to him.

“I was pregnant, Billy. I was pregnant with *your* kid and now it’s gone! See?! Nothing to worry about!” She shoves him, and he stumbles back into a side table. The lamp and vase rattle precariously, and he blinks. He isn’t sure if he’s breathing or not.

She rakes her hair back, and closes her eyes tightly. She feels winded, but she pushes forward. She swings back to face him,

“You never called, you never came to me. You didn’t do *anything*, and I could have *died!*” She cries, looking to him. The tears brimming in his eyes don’t stop her. A week ago she was still crying over this. Over these pieces that she might be able to put together again.

But, it was never meant to be.

Not really.

“Carrie, I-“

“From the beginning I have done almost everything for you. Even when you ignored me, treated me like shit, only used me for a good time or a shoulder to cry on.” She said. “You have never asked me *once* about myself. How fucking *selfish* is that?” She whispers, shaking her head.

He feels his lower lip tremble, and he lowers his head, raising his

hands and pushing back his hair. He sniffs, and looks to her.

“I guess I shouldn’t have trusted a slut anyway, huh?” He says. She looks at him. He thinks she’s going to go off again, but then she laughs. It’s loud, it’s forced, and it makes him cringe.

“Oh, please. That bullshit won’t work now, Billy. If anyone was the slut in this relationship, it’s you. How many girls were you with before me? God, I don’t think even you can count them. You know how many boys I have dated in Hawkins? Three. The only good one was the one I had in Junior High, and he’s still the only guy that treats me like I’m human.”

She crosses the room to him, and she’s uncomfortably close. He stiffens, and looks down at her, jaw clenched.

“I loved you, i think. I might have. But, I was *not* yours. I never was, and I never will be.” She whispers, her finger jabbing into his chest. It feels like a thousand cuts within him, and he feels powerless. She takes him by the chin, and he flinched. Her grip is hard, violent, and he grabs her wrist out of instinct.

The scene feels familiar, only oddly switched.

“Do you understand, Billy?” She whispers. He meets her eyes for a fleeting second, and nods slightly. She releases him, and he shoves her back. She stumbles, but catches herself. She then hurls a slap that has enough force to knock him to the side. His hand flies to his cheek, and it stings.

He doesn't have the strength to fight back.

He doesn't want to.

"Now, get out. Get the *hell* out of my house, *before I kill you.*"

~

He doesn't think she will ever forgive him.

For everything he's done, and more.

~

When Carrie returns to school, there's a slight stir as to what happened. It's cleared up that it was some sort of issue from stress and excessive training.

The normalcy that follows is jarring, but the world still spins.

He sees her every now and then in class. She sits on the opposite side of the room now, in the front. At lunch, she still asks the polls, but she never looks at him, never speaks.

He hurts, but he doesn't know what to do.

He doesn't tell his parents. And, figuring from the silence, Carrie's mother never found out it was him. Somehow, it's worse than being yelled at, being punished.

At basketball, he falls behind a little. Even the rivalry with Harrington isn't enough to fuel him, but he maintains his "star" status. It's enough to get him a scholarship, and his father suggests he take it.

He watches Carrie excel and help create the best Spring Formal Dance Hawkins had ever seen. She never looks at him, not even when he passes her on the street, or by the Arcade.

She hangs out with her friends, sporty girls and ones that wear the old mini skirts like she used to. Once it gets hotter, she joins them with a pair of Daisy Dukes.

She smiles, and she looks like summer again.

When she smiles, he's reminded of what Love looks like.

~

The last day of school comes and goes. The summer sets in, and plans begin. The kids avoid talk of next school year, and talk of partying night after night or working long days. He envies the seniors who are planning their Next Big Step, and wishes he could get the hell out of this god awful town. He doesn't know how he can last another year of this torture.

It won't be the same without her.

Some days, he finds himself wondering what would have happened if things had been different.

The images are sweet, and one night, he finally admits out loud to the darkness that he misses her.

The darkness gapes back, like the space in his chest.

~

“So, how long were you guys together, exactly?”

Carrie puts a jar of jelly in her basket. On her run to the store, she found Steve. Since their lists were similar, they walked along together.

“I don’t think we ever really were together. Not really.” She mumbles, and Steve also grabs a jar of honey and jelly.

“You guys used to hang all the time. The whole school knew.” He said. She shrugs,

“Things got... crazy, I guess. School, and everything.”

“Right.” Steve says. He’s truly one of the most non judgmental people she has ever met. He’s nice, and she wonders why she has never found a nice guy like him since Junior High.

“He never, like... did anything to you, right?”

Carrie’s eyes remained trained on the aisles of food as they passed.

“Sometimes.”

He’s silent, and so is she. She figures he understands, and he does.

“What happened, that day? In the locker room.” He says, and she looks to him. She had never spoken the truth to any outside of her family and Billy, and she had hoped she never would. But, the way Steve looks at her in such pity, mourning the loss of something beyond her grasp, she wants to tell him.

Perhaps telling just one more person will take this massive weight off her shoulders.

“I-“ she pauses and looks to the end of the aisle. Billy passes, and his look lingers. She turns away, and Steve stares, jaw tense. But, it’s as though Billy doesn’t see him. Without another word, he disappears down to the next aisle.

“It’s a long story. For a different time.” Looking up, she spots the next thing on her list.

Steve reaches up, and grabs the packet of sugar for her on the top shelf. The proximity is close, and he extends it to her.

“Well, I got nothing but time.” And he smiles.

And for the first time, in a long time, so does she.

### **Author's Note:**

If you made it to the end, brava. I don't even know how I did.

I hope you enjoyed it, or hated it, or a little bit of both.

Saying it again: I do not condone any of their behavior. The only pure person in this entire damn story is Steve, god bless 'im.

I'd love to know your thoughts, your questions, comments, and concerns. I know some things may be



open ended or unanswered, but they were meant to be that way. So, just ask if you need to.

Thanks for reading, you lovely piece of sunshine < 3

{Also, just in case ya'll want some songs that inspired this;

Daddy Issues (The Neighbourhood) [where the title is from]

Requiem for Blue Jeans (Bastille cover of Lana Del Rey)

Bad At Love (Halsey)

I Found (Amber Run)

Do I Wanna Know? (Arctic Monkeys)

Space Bound (Eminem) [cringey, I know]

Cherry Wine (Hozier)

Gold (Echos)

< 3}